

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1914.

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

Penny Depravity

It is un-American and unwise to support lynch law in any form, but if lynch law could be justified in any circumstances, New York has furnished an example of a good excuse. Seven penny peddlers of cocaine to school children have been arrested in Harlem. There appears to be plenty of evidence that they have built up a thriving business selling what they call "happy powder" to Harlem boys and girls. This happy powder is nothing but cocaine, and is used by sniffing through the nostrils.

It is beyond the average man to understand how, for any gain whatever, human beings in the form of men would or could stoop to such methods of coining money, but there appears to be not the slightest doubt that the industry has been well established. In one school alone, in which there are 4,300 pupils, the principal declares that a majority of them have become addicted to the cocaine habit through the "happy powder." There is not enough law to deal with the promoters of such an enterprise. And it is possible that, in the absence of sufficient law, if a few parents of debauched children should deal out summary punishment to men caught in the business, it would be difficult to find a jury of twelve men to beg the question of justification in the premises.

Shortage in Beef and—

ON the heels of government reports that beef on the hoof is running short, comes a statement from Philadelphia that the supply of diamonds will be reduced 50 per cent by war conditions. The result already has been an increase of 25 per cent in the price of the best cuts of diamonds.

We might stand the increase in best cuts of beef, and by strict adoption of vegetarian diet we might even escape lament over the shortage of cattle; but this shortage in diamonds hits us where we live. The average citizen, accustomed to his scintillating diamonds every week or two, will suffer enormously, and somebody should do something about it.

There is hardly a man or woman who does not use a certain amount of diamonds, to say nothing of diamond dust and other by-products, just as in the best families there is now a large consumption of radium. True, time was when diamonds were not in such great demand, but installment houses where engagement rings are furnished on the uneasy plan have changed all that. Also, since the owner of a two-story house has bought an automobile by mortgaging his house, it is hardly possible to get along without diamonds.

It might be a good idea—and certainly it would be a popular, vote-getting plan—for the administration to appoint a commission to investigate this diamond shortage. If such things are allowed to pass, the first thing the common people know there will be a shortage in potatoes and coal.

The Fate of Austria-Hungary

DENYING a rumor that Austria-Hungary—particularly Hungary—is tired of the war, and has sought peace with the allies on the basis of the cession of Galicia to Russia and Bosnia to Serbia, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador to the United States, Dr. Dumba, says one reason why the report cannot be true is that the treaty of 1879 binds Germany and Austria to fight together and conclude peace only jointly. Austria, however, has the best German authority for the statement that a treaty is no more than "a scrap of paper," and has no binding force on any nation when that nation's material interests are threatened.

Despite this consideration, it is unlikely that the reports are true. Dr. Dumba is on safer ground when he says that "self-interest prevents Austria-Hungary from breaking with her ally and entering into negotiations for a separate peace." The Teutonic coalition is fighting now with its back against the wall. It must win, and win decisively, in order to prevent Austria-Hungary's partition. Italy looks with longing eyes on her southwestern provinces, and the Slav peoples in the eastern reaches of the empire are likely to welcome the physical attachment of their territory to either Russia or Serbia.

Italian marines are landed already in Albania, the diplomacy of the allies has secured the neutrality of Bulgaria, and the entrance of Greece and Roumania into the conflict, further to strengthen the allies' cause, appears a strong probability of the near future. Italy also gives evidence that she cannot be restrained much longer, for Trieste, bitter hatred of the Austrian and opportunity beckon her on to war.

Austria could not now obtain peace save on terms that would represent the same sort of national disintegration that would follow decisive defeat. Honor, of course, blinds her

to Germany and self-interest as well, as Dr. Dumba says. She started this war, and there appears every good reason to believe that she will be the principal sufferer from it. Only by a victory that now is quite beyond the range of probability, if not of possibility, can the disappearance from the map of Europe of that welter of races, religions and tongues that has been known as Austria-Hungary be averted.

Make the Appointment on Merit

THE form of our government, including our municipal government, makes it necessary, or at least inevitable, that most public officials shall be politicians. While the possession of political skill and influence by no means predicates the possession also of first-rate executive and administrative qualities, it happens frequently that the adroit politician is also an acceptable public servant.

In the first place, he must have intelligence, at least of a sort, to gain his influence, and sometimes he can sink his partisanship deep enough to manage a gas plant, or run a Street Cleaning Department, or collect taxes, or keep a set of books, or even make laws, with a considerable efficiency. He can perform these duties because their connection with politics is casual and more or less artificial, and not absolutely ingrained, and in the nature of things.

But there never was a professional politician who ever lived, and there never will be one, who could manage a public employment bureau, where he had been installed by wire-pulling, and make it anything other than a travesty. A man placed in such an office by political influence must be responsive to political urging and suggestion in the discharge of its functions. It is not necessary to assume that he is any worse than the rest of us to justify that statement. Its essential and unvarying truth is proved by the whole experience of mankind. It is a condition from the evil consequences of which the civil service has provided only partial escape.

Getting down to brass tacks, why cannot the commission that will direct the Public Employment Bureau, after it has organized, announce that it will receive the applications of qualified citizens of Richmond for appointment to the position of manager and announce at the same time that a selection will be made without regard to any other consideration save fitness alone; and then do what it says it will do?

A course of that kind would carry out the promise made to the public when the organization of this bureau was under advisement and when public approval was sought and obtained. To follow it would represent ordinary good faith. To disregard it and make a political appointment would violate the implied contract into which the community thought it had entered.

The New France

IT is surely eloquent of the rejuvenated national spirit of France that General Joffre has been able to drop twenty-nine general officers since the outbreak of hostilities, twenty-four of them appearing in the headquarters list just published, without an audible voice of protest being raised and without any danger to his own supreme command of the armies. While dismissal of officers in such large numbers has, perhaps, a touch of comic opera, to which the Germans will doubtless direct attention, it is, above all, an indication of the fact that, for the time being at any rate, France is united in a way that it has probably never been in all its brilliant history.

Up to last August the general public thought of the French army in terms of the revelations at the Dreyfus trial. The belief was common that there had been no material change from the shocking conditions which the "affaire" had disclosed. But it is clear that a change almost approaching a miracle has taken place, else Joffre, a soldier and not a politician, could not be in supreme command in fact as well as in name. Politics in its widest and basest sense had brought the French army to so low a plane as to make it a byword and a laughingstock. It is now proven that the work of regeneration must have been begun about as soon as the Dreyfus mess had been made clean. The same wonderful power of rejuvenescence which France displayed after the crushing and humiliating defeats of 1870 has again been shown, because Frenchmen have been welded in the fire.

We hear a great deal of the absolute national unity of the German empire. In what way is it superior to that of the French republic?

Newspaper English

JAMES MELVIN LEE, professor of journalism in the New York University, is out with a suggestion that a well-written newspaper be substituted in public schools for some one of the usual studies in the curriculum. If this is intended as an aid to or in substitution for straight rhetoric and grammar, it is not a particularly brilliant idea. Formal instruction in language is vital. If, however, a newspaper could be introduced in each public school for general instruction in easy usage and for general information of the world's doings, it would do much that is beyond the scope of textbooks, and would be to that extent worth while.

Unquestionably, newspaper English—"journalism," as some folk term it—is the English of the people, and, taken by and large, it is a clear, concise, direct medium of expression. Conditions under which newspapers are published understood, typographical errors and literary inelegancies may be forgiven, a few trite phrases and surface contradictions may be overlooked. But these very conditions, of haste, expediency, imperative closing times, compel an unrelenting road to the thing the writer wishes to say. And, after all, language is intended to convey without ambiguity, and in the tongue generally understood, something which, in the mere expression, has nothing whatever to do with literary finish. In this mission newspaper English is the standard, the accepted English of the common understanding, with an ideal to uphold which clears it of gross offenses and yet does not require it to shriek with horror at a split infinitive, when splitting the infinitive adds emphasis or clarity.

It would be pleasant if the commission in charge should decide, without regard to politics, to make the city a present of a really efficient manager for the new Public Employment Bureau.

With 600 in the bread line of a Philadelphia mission, a writer on Belgian starvation doesn't have to go abroad for local color.

Of course, New York is organizing against the Mormons. Polygamy by divorce is the proper caper there.

Perhaps the Germans have dropped the spiked helmet because the allies were so quick to grasp the point.

SONGS AND SAWS



What a Fall Was There!

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Pocket full of rye,  
Streets made mighty slippery  
By the snow piled high.  
First there came a tumble—  
Despite painstaking care—  
And then rye-like aromas  
Perfumed the midnight air.

One Journey, Anyhow.

She—Are you going anywhere for the New Year?  
I—Consider it extremely likely. I have just been thinking of my liabilities, and have decided to go into bankruptcy.

Progress.

Stubbs—Well, I've done a good deal toward cleaning the snow off my sidewalk.  
Grubbs—How much have you cleared?  
Stubbs—None, actually, but I have bought myself a snow shovel and a pair of rubber boots.

Absolutely Vital.

The youthful orator who weeps  
To climb up to the top  
Should learn the first rule of his art  
And know just when to stop.

Appropriate.

"Did Mr. Titewad give anything for the relief of the starving Belgians?"  
"I should say he did. He gave a suit of clothes he had only worn seven years and a dozen Christmas cards bearing the inscription: 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'"

A Matter of Taste.

Young Cholly Lightwail cries:  
"Because I never cared for jokes,"  
The cruel maid replied.

THE TATTLER.

Gossip From "Down Home."

The Raleigh Times strikes a clarion note of encouragement and cheer on the situation in Mexico. It says: "At the present rate of executions in Mexico, it will not be long before that peaceful country." Perhaps that method of tranquilizing a disturbed state is all right at ordinary seasons of the year, but it does seem it should be modified a little just at Christmas.

"All trains," says the Concord Chronicle, "are carrying from one to five extra express cars at this time exclusively for the whiskey trade." That ought to indicate an extra large crop of New Year resolutions in that section of the Tarheel State.

The Charlotte Observer wants Governor Craig to read his message to the Legislature, following the practice President Wilson has adopted with his messages to Congress. Members of the Legislature, however, who hear the Governor has spent three weeks preparing the message, are not absolutely enthusiastic over the change.

The Greensboro Record is in trouble. "Some good judges of liquor have recently, as a mere matter of curiosity, been examining samples of the stuff captured from blind tigers by the police, and give it as their opinion that a man who can drink it regularly is assuredly a bomb-proof. Most of them declare that it does not even smell like liquor." There is, of course, one consolation. Consumption of this brand of liquid lightning ought to settle the prohibition question in North Carolina in about the same fashion as the Raleigh Times says political questions are being settled in Mexico. Besides, what right have "good judges of liquor" to linger on in the State, anyhow?

"Last Sunday was a 'leaky' day," says the Orange County Observer. "It began to rain, about 9 o'clock in the morning and kept raining all day, with a very cold east and north-east wind. Monday the sun appeared in all of its glory." It is gratifying to observe that the sun, at any rate, is still behaving in strict accord with the rules in such cases made and provided.

It should be hoped that no interruption of friendly relations between the Cabinet and Congress is indicated by the following reflection of the Raleigh News and Observer: "If economy is to be the watchword around Washington during this session of Congress, the Solons do not want to overlook that shining opportunity to save the government some money by a reduction of the congressional mileage allowance." Perhaps Congress does not believe that economy should behave like charity and begin at home.

The Catayba News prints this blatant incitement to envy and homicide: "The News man does not claim to be an expert of hog-raising, but he killed a pig this week that weighed about 400 pounds, from which he made sixty pounds of lard, and is now feasting on crackling cornbread fit for a King to eat." Next week, perhaps, this very editor will be filling his columns with moral reflections on the violent death rate and wondering why men cannot keep their anger under better control.

Current Editorial Comment

South America Feels War  
South America was no doubt badly hit by the war. Scarcely a day has passed but some item has been published, such as the fact that 14,000,000 of Brazil's 17,000,000 bags of coffee must be stored at home. A comprehensive statement that has just come from Argentina in President de la Plaza's special message shows that in his country, at least, the financial storm can easily be weathered. The estimated deficit is nearly 27,000,000 pesos. New offices created last year will not be filled. A special commission has for some time been studying administration in Argentina, and its work can be utilized. The fact that the republic has a large income from state industries, railways and leased lands decreases the importance of customs duties in the budget. As the total yearly expenditures of Argentina have been about 420,000,000 pesos, a saving of 30,000,000 would be equal to one of nearly 50,000,000 in the United States.—New York Evening Post.

Mending as Help to the Poor  
The Chicago women have started a mending shop where all patching, darning, mending, sewing on buttons and such work may be taken and promptly and reasonably done. They will have three rooms in one of the big downtown buildings, and will work and give over to the actual work of the shop. The venture starts with demands enough to employ that many. They expect to add more workers soon. The object is to relieve women who can afford it of this household work and give over to women who need the little recompense for doing it. It looks as if such an enterprise ought to be in every city. Darning, mending and patching is a nagging business that takes up a lot of time, and if the time thus spent can be utilized by others who need the pay for it, there is a great mutual good done that should not be neglected. There are many well-to-do and rich people who pay themselves for doing their own mending, and it is not a virtue to compete too much with the poor.—Ohio State Journal.

Week-End Visits From the Trenches  
One of the extraordinary features of the extraordinary war is that English soldiers in the trenches are, in considerable number, being given week-end leaves. Thus, two boat trains a day leave the Victoria Station for the front, and they are crowded with soldiers who have had a few days at home. One train is usually filled with officers, another with men; and a

few hours after leaving wives and children they are back in their cold, wet trenches in Flanders. This week-end leave is so typically in consonance with British custom that one wonders if some kind of a bank holiday will not soon be arranged with the Germans, if the deadlock continues much longer. From the military viewpoint, the brief visits home are thoroughly justified. Nothing outside of bullets did more damage during our Civil War than nostalgia; and the evil effects of homesickness in destroying vitality and weakening the will to live on were plainly noticeable during the Boer War. Still another reason doubtless influenced the War Office, and that is the effect upon recruiting. The returning men are so certain of their eventual triumph over the enemy and so full of a quiet readiness to return to their terrible life under fire as to make them the most useful of recruiting sergeants. But week-end excursions home from the front are none the less an amazing novelty in warfare.—New York Evening Post.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"It is said that England's war expense is running merrily along at the rate of \$225,000,000 per month." Is a reminder given by the Newport News Times-Herald. But the figures will not astonish the man who is trying to support his first automobile when he recalls that the British government seized thousands of cars belonging to private citizens at the outbreak of the war.

The Staunton Leader predicts the early adoption of nation-wide prohibition, saying: "We feel confident that before many years both houses of Congress will act favorably on the proposed amendment to the Constitution, and that the question will be submitted to the States for ratification or rejection. When so submitted, can there be any question that a sufficient majority of the States will support it?"

Says the Hampton Monitor: "There are very few Hamptonians who always seem to carry a ground about with them." Which explains how Hampton got its nickname, Crab Town.

"Every man may have his price, as pessimists assert; but sometimes there is no man who can pay it," says the Danville Register. Which sounds something like a confession and something like a boast.

"Speaking of dry humor, what's the matter with a prohibition joke?" the Newport News Press asks. No objection to it if the joke is in good spirit.

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch protests: "Talk about extortionate charges, here is a woman prophet in Paris who charges 2 cents each for her war prophecies." The editor evidently does not believe a war prophet is entitled to war profits.

The Voice of the People

Letters to the Editor should not be over 250 words in length, and the name and address of the writer must accompany each communication, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Write on one side of the paper, and inclose stamps if manuscript is to be returned. Partisan journalism during the European war will not be published.

Better Baseball Demanded by Richmond.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Every baseball-loving fan in Richmond is anxiously watching the progress and outcome of the transfer of the Baltimore Internationals to Richmond.  
Richmond needs the International League, and the International League needs Richmond. In Richmond, the International League is getting one of the best (if not the best) cities supporting a minor league club. San Francisco, well-known sporting writer of the New York Evening Journal, more than once has stated that "Richmond is the finest minor league city in baseball (in the matter of patronage), and deserved better baseball than any Class C league could afford." Richmond's clubs will, support high-class ball, and the International League can expect a successful season if they place the Baltimore club in Richmond.  
On the other hand, let it be said that this is a "golden" opportunity for this city. Richmond would be benefited commercially, become better acquainted with cities in the East as well as the two Canadian cities, which embrace the circuit. The fans want a good class of ball, and it is up to the good business men of Richmond to see that they get it. Many lovers of the "national game" visited the amateur lots last season, rather than pay for the class of ball that has been exhibited here far too long. Richmond is growing, and this franchise will help considerably in the advancement of this city.

Let the good business men of Richmond get together and put the deal through. If they do, they can certainly depend on the fans to do their part next spring and summer.  
In closing, let it be said that the fans in general appreciate the efforts of Mr. Bradley, Mr. Dunn and The Times-Dispatch in doing all they can to get the franchise for Richmond.  
Richmond, December 26, 1914. A. McA.

Queries and Answers

Old Style.  
Please state why dates about 1845, etc., are sometimes written with a double year, as January 3, 1751-52, or January 5, 1745-46.

MRS. R.  
The solar year, 365 days 5 hours 49 minutes and 47 seconds, is impossible as a practical measure, and the allowance of 365 days, even with the 366 days every fourth year, has thrown the dating of the world "out" with the position of the earth and the sun. Corrections have been made by altering the calendar, and the last that of Pope Gregory, in 1582, brought the dating up eleven days, and was adopted by England only in 1752 by causing the day following the 24 of September, 1752, to be marked the first of October, dating before this day is called "old style," after "new style," and in books printed later and in inscriptions, sometimes as late as 1800, referring to events about the time of the change of "style," it is not uncommon to see the two years given as a warning that the difference of eleven days might throw the date into either year, according as the old style or the new was employed.

The Bright Side of Life

Scene:—English Training Camp.  
Zealous Sentry—Afraid I can't let you go by without the password, sir.  
Bate Officer—But, confound you! I tell you I have forgotten it. You know me well enough. I'm Major Jones.  
Sentry—Can't help it, sir; must have the password.  
Voice From the Guard Tent—Oh, don't stand arguing all night, Bill; shoot 'im.—Tatler.

The Four Ages of Hair.

Bald,  
Fuzz,  
Is,  
Was.  
—New York Sun.

Tools, Not Toys.  
Plimmer—Met Unison downtown to-day. He'd just bought a tin horn, a triangle, some blocks, a gong, a set of bells and a popgun. I didn't know he had a baby.  
Plamson—He hasn't. He's a vaudeville tap-drummer. Those things are part of his outfit.—Puck.

George's Reward.  
Mrs. Borem Wright—Gracie, why isn't your brother, George, at our party, too?  
Gracie—George's been a good boy all week, and mamma said he needn't come.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Beats the Reindeer System All Hollow"

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Philadelphia Record.

THE PROBLEM OF BELGIUM

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

On a day in last month the loading of the ship Massapequa was finished in New York. She is a 100 ft steamer, over 300 feet in length, and her freight was 3,550 tons of foodstuffs.

This cargo was packed and stowed with such skill as to arouse special admiration not only in New York, but in Europe. Captain McCardi has a detailed plan of all of it, so as to facilitate unloading. Captain McCardi, who has never sailed for European waters before, cast off his moorings amid the acclamations of a people.

His first voyage across the Atlantic was full of adventure and peril, and once owing to stress of weather he had to lay to in midocean for several days. At length he arrived at the Hook of Holland, and the news that his ship was sighted threw the whole city of Rotterdam into a vast fete.

The American naval attaché from Berlin traveled to Rotterdam to meet this wondrous ship, and other American diplomatic officials joined him. Before the vessel was made fast to the quay at Rotterdam, 500 Dutch school-boys had jumped aboard and started the work of unloading. They worked day and night for fifty hours, and easily surpassed all the records of the port.

And while they toiled, speeches were made, full of enthusiasm and gratitude, banquets were held, and the burgomaster of Rotterdam invited all the official world to be his guests, amid the music of the American National Anthem. Everybody felt with deep emotion that a tremendous international deed of charity was being accomplished.

Of course the ship was emptied and the canal barges were filled, and the ship departed again, while the canal barges, drawn by express tugs, and manned by crews each individual of whom had a special pass from the German authorities, swung forward with the 3,550 tons of bacon, rice, beans, and flour for Limburg, Charleroi, Mons, Ghent and other places where the representatives of American good-will were ready to distribute it. The vast business was successfully done.

A Ship a Day.  
But let it be noted that M. Bolin, the Belgian official who in the speaking-making at Antwerp, returned thanks to America on behalf of Belgium, uttered the sentence:

"There is just enough stuff on this ship to feed starving Belgians for one day."

This sentence should be daily remembered by the charitable of all countries. If the miracle of the Massapequa, with more than 3,500 tons of foodstuffs, were to be repeated throughout the winter until the end of the war, the starving Belgians would get just enough to eat.

Holland, England and France seem to be swarming with Belgian refugees, who are being fed and clothed and housed. But between them the three countries accommodate only a million; and this million is the fortunate minority of the victims.

There remain, and will remain, in Belgium, 7,000,000 of tragic inhabitants. In the country districts 80 per cent of them are women and children, who, although hypnotized by disaster, cannot helplessly recognize their homes.

Many districts are nothing but graveyards. There is no seed to sow. There are no implements. There is no money. There is no credit. There is no means of transport. There is no work. And there is very little heart, save in a small corner of that once prosperous land, the corner still dominated and inspired by the courage of King Albert and his soldiers.

No modern famine was ever like this famine, because it is universal. The entire population has to be fed, and those whom charity does not reach will die. Over a thousand appeals for succor are received by one committee in one day.

Where the Kind Heart is Needed.  
There are whole districts utterly without grain, flour, beans, peas and even salt. For three weeks in Terhaegen there was absolutely nothing edible except potatoes. In Brussels alone 400,000 meals per day are being served. The theoretical price of each meal is one sou, and few can pay it; the poor and those who were rich stand side by side waiting the dish that will keep them from starving.

Serious in tents amid a quarantine of snow and slush. Two families live in each tent. Their bit of smoky fire is made in an old pall. Their diet is coffee, bread with a little butter, and bacon-soup.

They sleep on straw, all crowded together, men and women, oldsters and youngsters, infants, grandmothers and women momentarily expecting babies. And yet they prefer this life to life

in Belgium, and they are sure that those who have ventured back to Belgium will return, if they can, to the lesser horrors of the Dutch camp.

Seeing Behind the Curtain.  
If I thus raise ever so little the curtain behind which is proceeding the ineffable, unparalleled and hardly conceivable tragedy that in its completeness and its dread overtops all previous national tragedies, my aim is not merely to harrow the feelings, and excite the urgent pity of readers, but to assist them to realize the vastness of the task which now confronts the world's charity.

Every home in Belgium wants help. A million and a half persons in Belgium live from day to day on the mercy of soup kitchens. Unless men, women and children are to die of starvation, over 50,000 tons of food must be brought into Belgium every month, and even this will only give to each individual half the quantity of food that is eaten in a soldier. It will be the barest subsistence. Its cost will amount to about \$5,000,000 a month.

That these quantities are not sentimentally inflated is shown by the one simple fact that before the war Belgium regularly imported 250,000 tons of cereals alone every month. These thousand tons of salt are required monthly. Some places had no salt whatever for two months. The transport of the food, quite apart from its prime cost, absorbs about \$1,000,000 a month. (Happily the finance of transport has already been arranged for some months to come). Such figures speak a language which would render eloquence contemptible.

For myself, I have a profound faith in human nature, and I do not doubt that the benevolence of mankind will prove equal even to the terrible strain of this unique hour.

The cause to be served cannot but be consolidated all over the world, politics and sects. It is one cause to-day about which the whole human race must passionately agree. It is a cause to stir the noble impulse of generosity in the means of the American people.

are innocent, and the Belgian people are suffering as none ever suffered before. (Copyright by The Commission for Relief in Belgium.)

Building Better Roads

That remarkable progress has been made in the building of good roads throughout the United States during the past few years is proved by data recently obtained by the American Highway Association and soon to be published in the official Good Roads Year Book for 1915. It has been found that more than 24,000 miles of surfaced roads have been constructed during 1913 and 1914, and that during the ten-year period from 1904 to 1914 more than 96,000 miles have been completed.

That this progress has been really amazing may be understood from the fact that in 1904 there were only 153,000 miles of surfaced roads of all types in the United States. That the movement is attaining momentum as it goes is proven by the fact that while the average mileage constructed per annum during the past ten years is 9,600 miles, the total completed for 1914 exceeded 18,000 miles.

The report will show that something like 20,000 miles of highway have been completed with the aid of State funds, of which over \$200,000,000 have been expended. The State aid movement began in 1892 and has, therefore, continued for twenty-two years. Only recently has it gotten well under way as the results accomplished for 1913 and 1914 compare. The total of 16,000 miles of State aid highways completed, or in two years' time one-third of the entire mileage constructed with the aid of State funds has been completed. Only six States now out of a total of forty-eight, are without State highway departments, and thirty States have granted actual money aid to the building of roads. The Year Book, which is the official reference publication for all good roads information, is a large, cloth-bound volume, issued early in each calendar year by the American Highway Association.

First Woman Patentee.

[New York Post.]  
The first woman named in the lists of the Patent Office was Mary Kies, of Killingly, Windham County, Conn., who received patent 1040, dated May 5, 1809, for improvements in weaving straw with silk or thread.

The Tight-Wad's Advantage.

(Galveston News.)  
Of course, the tight-wad is awfully uncomfortable, but as a general thing he does not have to embarrass himself by breaking his acquaintances to go on his note at the bank.

No Cause for Excitement.

(Columbia State.)  
Boston shipped 4,000,000 shells to England the other day. Calm yourself, Brother Bartholomew, calm yourself! There were eggs in 'em.

Has Reason to Be.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]  
Perhaps the veiled skies of December are an indication that 1914 in passing is ashamed of itself. It has every provocation.